

THE CITIZEN.

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER.

BEREA, KENTUCKY.

Col. David B. Henderson, speaker of the federal house of representatives, is spending the summer with Mrs. Henderson in the Adirondacks. Later he will leave for Paris to visit the exposition.

It is something of a mistake to suppose that women in China have no rights that a man is not bound to respect. The idea that she is of no importance is altogether incorrect. In her home, as a wife, she exercises an authority that would make a denizen of the western world gasp with wonder.

It is suggested that it will be profitable to try the experiment of using gas engines for driving ships, the gas being generated on the vessel itself. Coal will be roasted in retorts aboard the ship in order to drive off the gas for the engines. The coke thus produced would furnish the fuel needed to roast the coal.

The roses in the famous wooded island at the World's fair grounds in Chicago are said to be just as fine now as they were during the fair. Planted in 1892, the year before the fair, they are still wonderfully beautiful. They form one of the memories of the fair that will linger long in the minds of those who saw them.

It is always difficult to secure a quorum in the New York city council. At a recent meeting the necessary number of members failed to attend, and the president was about to send the sergeant-at-arms after some absentees, when it was learned that the officer named was himself absent, and that he had not attended a meeting for months.

Two thousand Chicago saloons will go out of business on October 1. Computations made justify the assertion, which means that the revenue of the city will fall off \$1,000,000 from that source alone. It is said that the rise in the price of beer is the principal reason for the falling off. At present there are 5,700 saloons in Chicago, which is 1,500 less than five years ago.

M. P. Castle, of London, has sold his collection of European postage stamps for \$150,000, which is believed to be the highest price ever paid. Now that the Orange Free State has been taken off the map as an independent republic, collectors are paying as much as \$25 for a single stamp of that government, and the price is rising. A full set of Transvaal stamps would now cost about \$5,000.

Miss French ("Octave Thane") possesses a novel accomplishment, rare among writers. She has remarkable ability as a mimic and is able to enliven on impromptu a conversation between two or more imaginary persons, modifying her voice to represent different characters. Indeed, the dramatic element is so strongly developed in Miss French that had she not found success with the pen she would have won fame as a comedienne.

Although Mary is believed to be the commonest of the names of women, the wife of only one president was so named—Mary Todd Lincoln. There were two Marthas (both from Virginia), Martha Washington and Martha Jefferson; two Abigails, the wives of Presidents Fillmore and John Adams, and two Elizabeths, Mrs. Monroe and Mrs. Johnson. Of the two wives of the other presidents no two had the same Christian names.

Among the missionaries in China of whom news is anxiously awaited there are no less than eighteen graduates and former students of the University of Michigan, thirteen women and five men. Of these five are, or were, if they have not been killed, Henry E. Kling, both instructors in the University of Peking and classmates at Ann Arbor. Most of the graduates are medical missionaries.

Queen Victoria has at her disposal when she wishes to take a ride innumerable carriages. Of these the coronation coach is first. This carriage is unknown to the present generation, as it has never left the royal mews at Buckingham palace since 1861. It is lovely, but cumbersome, was designed by George III., and every portion is richly decorated and gilded. Outside its panels are pictures painted by noted artists.

A good example of the way the Boer war has divided South African families is found in that of which Montagu White, the Boer envoy to this country, is a member. He is known for his loyalty to the Boer cause. His brother is a lieutenant in the Strathcona horse. He served in the Natal mounted police in the last Zulu war and then became a member of the Canadian mounted police, in which he was at the outbreak of the present war.

No nation on the face of the earth compares with the United States as a fruit-eating country. Not only does this country consume enormous amounts of fresh fruits in the shape of apples, pears, peaches and small fruits, like berries, but the amount preserved by various processes is far in excess of the amount used in European countries. Other nations are now giving the matter the attention it deserves. Especially is this so in Germany, where the question has been investigated for the German Agricultural society.

DON'T LET THE SONG GO.

Don't let the song go out of your life; Though it chance sometimes to flow In a minor strain, it will bleed again With the major tone, you know.

What though shadows rise to obscure life's skies, And hide for a time the sun; They sooner will lift, and reveal the rift, If you let the melody run.

Don't let the song go out of your life; Though your voice may have lost its thrill, Though the tremulous note should die in the throat, Let it sing in your spirit still.

There is never a pain that hides not some gain, And never a cup of rue So bitter to sip but what in the cup Lurks a measure of sweetness too.

Don't let the song go out of your life; Ah! it never would need to go, If with thought more true and a broader view, We looked at this life below.

Oh, why should we moan that life's spring-time has flown, Or sigh for the fair summer time? The autumn hath days filled with peace and of praise, And the winter hath bells that chime.

Don't let the song go out of your life; Let it ring in the soul while here, And when you go hence, it shall follow you thence, And sing on in another sphere.

Then do not despond, and say that the fond, Sweet songs of your life have flown, For if ever you knew a song that was true, Its music is still your own.

—Kate R. Stiles, in Boston Transcript.

THE STURGIS WAGER

A DETECTIVE STORY.

By EDGAR MORETTE.

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CHAPTER III.—CONTINUED.

"I beg to suggest," remarked Dunlap, "that the shots heard by the policeman and his prisoner were not fired from the inside of the bank."

"That appears quite likely," admitted Murdock; "but they must at any rate have been fired in close proximity to the bank, since the witnesses agree that they appeared to come from inside. In that case, whence were they fired? By whom? And why? On the whole, my little puzzle does not seem to me so ill chosen. What is your own opinion, Mr. Sturgis?"

"I quite agree with you that the problem is probably not so simple as it seemed at first blush to Sprague."

"Very well. Then doubtless you are willing to undertake the task of supplying whatever data may be required to complete the chain of evidence against Quinlan?"

"By no means," replied Sturgis, decidedly.

"Indeed? Ah! well, of course, if Mr. Sturgis wishes to withdraw his bet."

"I do not wish to withdraw my bet," said Sturgis; "I will agree to solve your problem within 30 days or to forfeit my stakes; but I cannot undertake to prove the truth or falsity of any a priori theory. I have no personal knowledge of the matter as yet, and therefore no theory."

"Quite so," observed Murdock, ironically. "I had forgotten your scientific methods. Of course, it may turn out that it was the policeman who stole the watch from Shorty Duff."

"Perhaps," answered Sturgis, imperceptibly.

Murdock smiled. "Well, gentlemen," said he, "I accept Mr. Sturgis' conditions. If you are willing," he continued, turning to the reporter, "our host will hold the stakes and decide the wager."

"I, for one, agree with Sprague," said Dr. Thurston. "I am disappointed in the problem. I have seen Sturgis unravel some extremely puzzling tangles in my day; and each case would not be hard to find. Why, no longer ago than this evening, on our way here, we stumbled upon a most peculiar case—oh—oh!—er—please pass the cognac, Sprague. I wish I had some like it in my cellar; it is worth its weight in gold."

Dr. Thurston had met Sturgis' steady gaze and had understood that, for some reason or other, the reporter did not wish him to relate their adventure of the afternoon.

Only one person appeared to notice the abrupt termination of his story. This was Murdock, who had looked up at the speaker with mild curiosity, and who had also intercepted the reporter's warning glance at his friend. He observed Dr. Thurston narrowly for a full minute, appeared to enjoy his clumsy effort to cover his retreat, and then quietly sipped his coffee.

CHAPTER IV.

THE BANK PRESIDENT.

Sprague's dinner party was over, and among the first to take their leave, shortly after midnight, were Dunlap, Sturgis and Dr. Thurston.

The reporter did not often spend an evening in worldly dissipation. He was a man of action, a hard worker and an enthusiastic student. Almost all of the time which was not actually spent in the pursuit of his profession, was devoted to study in many widely different fields of art and science. For Sturgis' ideal of his profession was high; he held that almost every form of knowledge was essential to success in his line of work. It was wisdom, therefore, that he allowed himself to spend a precious evening in social intercourse, unless as a more or less direct means to some end. He had made an exception in favor of Sprague's dinner, and his meeting with Dunlap, whom he had not previously known, had been entirely accidental.

Dunlap was, however, a man whom Sturgis needed to see in the course of his study of the Knickerbocker bank mystery, and he had not lost the opportunity which chance had placed in his way. After obtaining an

introduction to the bank president, the reporter had sought an occasion to speak with him in private; and, as this did not present itself during the course of the evening, he had timed his departure so that it should coincide with that of Dunlap. Dr. Thurston had followed his friend's lead.

"Are you going down to the bank this evening, Mr. Dunlap?" asked Sturgis, as the trio faced the bleak wind.

"No. Why should I?" inquired the banker, in apparent surprise.

"I see no particular reason why you should," replied the reporter. "If to-day were a banking day, there would be no time to lose. But since it is New Year's day, there is little, if any, chance of the trail being disturbed; and it will be much easier to find it in broad daylight than by gaslight. Our friends of the central office are usually pretty clever in discovering at least the more evident clues in a case of this sort, even when they have not the ability to correctly interpret them. And since they have completely failed in their search to-night, we must anticipate a more than ordinarily difficult puzzle."

"Why, Mr. Sturgis," said Dunlap, somewhat anxiously. "You talk as though you really believed that some mysterious crime has been committed at the bank."

"I do not know enough about the case as yet to advance any positive belief in the matter," said Sturgis; "but if we assume as correct the circumstances related in the article which Dr. Murdock read to us this evening, they certainly present an extraordinary aspect."

Dunlap reflected for an instant.

"Still, the fact that our cashier found everything in good order at the bank is in itself completely reassuring," he said, musingly.

"Very likely," assented Sturgis. "It is quite possible that from a banker's point of view the problem is wholly devoid of interest; but from a detective's standpoint it appears to be full of promising features. Therefore, whether or not you intend to look farther into the matter yourself, I beg you will at least authorize me to make a survey of the field by daylight in the morning."

Dunlap looked anything but pleased as the reporter spoke these words. He thought before replying.

"Frankly, Mr. Sturgis," he said, at length, with studied courtesy, "I will not conceal the fact that what you ask places me in a rather awkward position. You are a friend of my friend Sprague, and my personal intercourse with you this evening has been pleasant enough to make me hope that, in the future, I may be so fortunate as to include you in my own circle of acquaintances. Therefore, on personal grounds, it would give me great pleasure to grant your request. But, on the other hand, you are a journalist and I am a banker; and it is with bankers as with nations—happy that which has no history. Capital is proverbially timid, you know."

"I see," said Sturgis; "you fear that the reputation of the Knickerbocker bank may suffer if the mystery of the pistol shots is solved."

"No, no, my dear sir; not at all, not at all. You quite misunderstood me," replied the banker, with just a shade of warmth. "It is not a question of the bank's credit exactly, since there has been neither robbery nor defalcation; but depositors do not like to see the name of their bank mentioned in the newspapers; they take fright at once. Depositors are most unreasonable beings, Mr. Sturgis; they are liable to become pensive on the most insignificant provocation; and then they run amuck like mad sheep. The Knickerbocker bank does not fear any run that might ever be made upon it. Its credit stands on too secure a foundation for that. But nevertheless a run on a bank is expensive, Mr. Sturgis, very expensive."

"The bank's affairs being in so satisfactory a condition," observed the reporter, "it seems to me that whatever harm publicity is likely to do has already been done. The imaginations of your depositors are now at work sapping the foundation of the Knickerbocker bank. If the truth cannot injure its credit, it can only strengthen it; and to withhold the truth under the circumstances is to invite suspicion."

Dunlap did not appear to like the turn the conversation was taking. He walked along in silence for a few minutes, irresolute. At length he seemed to make up his mind.

"Perhaps you are right after all, Mr. Sturgis. At any rate we have nothing to conceal from the public. If you will let me to the bank to-morrow morning at nine o'clock, I shall be pleased to meet you there."

Sturgis nodded his acquiescence.

"Well, gentlemen, here is my street," continued the banker. "Good evening, good evening."

And he was off.

"Whither are you bound now, Thurston?" asked the reporter, as the friends resumed their walk.

"Home and to bed like a sensible fellow," replied the physician.

"Don't you do anything of the sort. Come along with me to my rooms. I must arrange the data so far collected in the two interesting cases that I have taken up to-day; and in the cab mystery, at least, you can probably be of assistance to me, if you will."

"Very well, old man; lead on. I am curious to know what theories you have adopted in these two cases."

"Theories!" replied Sturgis; "I never adopt theories. I simply ascertain facts and arrange them in their proper sequence, as far as possible. When this arrangement successfully ac-

complished, the history of the crime is practically completed. Detection of crime is an exact science. Here, as in all other sciences, the imagination has an important part to play, but that part consists in coordinating and interpreting facts. The solid foundation of facts must invariably come first."

CHAPTER V.

A FOUNDATION OF FACTS.

When the two men were comfortably settled in the reporter's study, Sturgis produced pipes, tobacco and writing materials.

"There, now," said he, as he prepared to write, "I begin with what I shall call the Cab Mystery. The data in this case are already plentiful and curious. I shall read as I write, and you can interrupt for suggestions and criticisms, as the points occur to you. In the first place, the dead man is about fifty years old, and was employed in some commercial house or financial institution, probably bookkeeper, at a fairly good salary."

"Hold on there, Sturgis," laughed Thurston. "I thought you were going to build up a solid foundation of facts before you allowed your imagination to run riot!"

"Well?" inquired the reporter, in apparent surprise.

"Well, the only fact you have mentioned is the approximate age of the dead man. The rest is pure assumption. How can you know anything certain about his occupation and the amount of his salary?"

"True; I forgot you had not followed the steps in the process of induction. Here they are: the dead man's sleeves, on the under side below the elbow, were worn shiny. This shows that his occupation is at a desk of some kind."

"Or behind a counter," suggested Thurston quizzically.

"No. Your hypothesis is untenable. A clerk behind a counter occasionally, it is true, leans upon his forearms. But incessant contact with the counter leaves across the front of his trousers an unmistakable line of wear, at a level varying according to the height of the individual. This line was not present in the case of the man in the cab. On the other hand, his waistcoat is frayed at the level of the fourth button from the top. Therefore I maintain that he was in the habit of working at a desk. Now the trousers, although not new, are not baggy at the



"HOLD ON THERE, STURGIS."

knees, though free from the seams which would suggest the effect of pressing or of a trouser stretcher. Conclusion, the desk is a high one; for the man stood at his work. Most men who work standing at high desks are bookkeepers of one kind or another. Therefore, as I said before, this man was probably a bookkeeper. Now, as to his salary; I do not pretend to know the exact amount of it, of course. But when a man, who was evidently not a duke, has his clothes made to order, of imported material, and when his linen, his hat and his shoes are of good quality, it is fair to infer that the man's income was comfortable.

"I proceed with the arrangement of my data: the man in the cab died of a wound caused by a bullet fired at very close quarters. Indeed, the weapon must have been held either against the victim's body, or, at any rate, very near to it; for the coat is badly burned by the powder."

"On these points at least," assented Dr. Thurston, "I can agree with you. The bullet probably penetrated the upper lobe of the left lung."

"Yes," added Sturgis, "and it passed out at the back, far below where it went in."

"What makes you think it passed out? The wound in the back may have been caused by another bullet fired from the rear."

"That hypothesis might be tenable were it not for this."

With these words the reporter pulled out his watch, opened the case, and with the blade of a penknife took from the surface of the crystal a minute object, which he handed to the physician.

"Look at it," said he, pushing over a magnifying glass.

Dr. Thurston examined the object carefully.

"A splinter of bone," he said, at last.

"Yes. I found it on the surface of the wound in the back. How did it get there?"

"You are right," admitted the physician; "it must have come from within, chipped from a rib and carried out by the bullet which entered from the front."

"I think there can be no doubt as to that. Now, the bullet does not seem to have been deflected in its course by its contact with the rib, for, as far as I have been able to judge by probing the two wounds with my pencil, their direction is the same. This is important and brings me to point three, which is illustrated by these diagrams. I took this afternoon."

As he said these words, the reporter handed to his friend a sheet of paper upon which he had drawn some geometrical figures.

"The first of these diagrams shows the angle which the course of the bullet made with a horizontal plane; the second represents the inclination from right to left. The former of these angles is nearly and the latter not far from forty-five degrees. The inclination from right to left shows that the shot was fired from the right side of the dead man. Now then, one of two things: Either it was fired by the man himself, the weapon being held in his right hand; or else it was fired by an assassin who stood close to the victim's right side. The first of these hypotheses, considered by itself, is admissible; but it involves the assumption of an extremely awkward and unusual position of the suicide's hand while firing. On the other hand, the dead man is tall—six feet one inch—and to the down, at an angle of sixty degrees, upon a man of his height, his assailant would have to be a colossus, or else to stand upon a chair or in some equally elevated position, unless the victim happened to be seated when the shot was fired."

"Happened to be seated?" exclaimed Thurston, astounded, "why, of course he was seated, since he was in the cab."

"That brings up point four, which is not the least puzzling of this interesting case," said Sturgis, impressively. "The shooting was not done in the cab."

"Not done in the cab?"

"No; otherwise the bullet would have remained in the cushions; and it was not there."

"It might have fallen out into the street at the time of the collision," suggested Thurston.

"No; I searched every inch of space in which it might have fallen. If it had been there I should have found it, for the spot was brilliantly lighted by an electric light, as you remember."

"The physician pondered in silence for a few minutes."

"With all due respect for the accuracy of your observations, and for the rigorous logic of your inductions, Sturgis," he asserted at last with decision, "I am positive that the man died seated, for his limbs stiffened in that position."

"Yes," assented Sturgis, "and for that matter, I grant you, that he breathed his last in the cab; for in his death struggles he clutched in his left hand the cushion of the cab window, a piece of which remained in his dying grasp. I merely said that he was not shot in the cab."

"Then how did he get there?" asked the physician.

"Your question is premature, my dear fellow," replied Sturgis, smiling; "it must remain unanswered for the present. All we have established as yet is that he did get there. And that being the case, he must have been assisted; for, wounded as he was, he could not, I take it, have climbed into the cab by himself."

"Certainly not," agreed Thurston.

[To Be Continued.]

BORN IN "NO MAN'S LAND."

A Man Without a Country Makes an Informal Call on the Senate in Washington.

The doorkeepers of the United States senate came in contact with all sorts and conditions of men. When the senate is in session, says a local exchange, there is an incessant demand by constituents to have their cards sent in. A strange looking individual who had been watching and listening in the east corridor said to a doorkeeper one day lately:

"I'd like to have you send in my card."

"Which senator do you wish to see?"

"I don't care."

"But you must send it to a particular senator, you know. Which is your state?"

"Got none."

"Which territory?"

"No territory."

"Where were you born?"

"In No Man's Land, before the strip was ceded to the government by Texas. It's now a county in Oklahoma. And I thought as I had no country, I'd come to Washington. You can keep the card and hand it to the first senator you catch. I think most any of 'em would like to meet a man like me."

Gethsemane.

The Garden of Gethsemane, which was so closely interwoven with the closing scenes in the life of Christ, is now a desolate spot, containing a few old and shattered olive trees, the trunks of which are supported by stones, though some of the branches are flourishing. It is a small square enclosure of about 200 feet, surrounded by a high wall, a little way out of Jerusalem, below St. Stephen's gate, and near the foot of the Mount of Olives. Biblical reference to it is made in Matt. 26:36-38; Mark 14:26-32; Luke 22:39-46; and John 18:1-11. The garden is the property of the Latin Christians, the Greek church having fixed upon another locality as the true site of Gethsemane.

Two Classes.

"She's a saleslady, isn't she?"

"Oh, no, indeed."

"Why, she certainly works in Job-lot's store."

"Exactly; she works there, and that makes her a saleswoman. Salesladies don't work; they simply look pretty and in the opposite direction when you wish to be served."—Philadelphia Press.

A Genuine Orky.

"What is your idea of a womanly woman?"

"Well, a womanly woman is one who likes to tie up her head in an old towel and clean house."—Chicago Record.

IT'S ALL IN A NAME.

One Reason Why the Conservative Negro Whitewasher Lost His Occupation.

"What's in a name?" asked Shakespeare. Everything, may be answered, and no one has made the answer more plain than the ordinary mortal than Booker T. Washington, the noted colored orator, says the Chicago Times Herald. While lecturing in Omaha last winter he paused in the midst of his remarks and asked:

"How many negro boys in Omaha are learning a mechanical trade?"

And from the vast audience came the reply:

"Not one."

Then Mr. Washington proceeded to tell the negro boys what they should do. The old colored man with his bushy hair and white wash once made a good living. But he was a white washer. The first thing he knew a white man came along with an assortment of brushes and several colors of wash under fancy names. The white man called himself an "interior decorator," and the old colored man's job was gone for ever.

"You negro boys," continued Mr. Washington, "must become interior decorators, for the whitewashing job is done."

Heat for the Howels.

No matter what ails you, headache to a cancer, you will never get well until your bowels are put right. Cascares help nature, cure you without a gripe or pain, produce easy natural movements, cost you just 10 cents to start getting your health back. Cascares is a purely vegetable, genuine, put up in metal boxes, every tablet has U. S. C. C. stamped on it. Beware of imitations.

She'd Do It.

There came the sound of falling dishes from the kitchen. The cook appeared at the dining-room door.

"Place, mum," she said, "the whole of your best dinner set is broken (twelve or thirteen)!"

The housewife went.

"Eggs," said her husband, "if the powers could only get that girl, the job of breaking up China would soon be finished."—N. Y. World.

I do not believe PINKHAM's Compound has an equal for cures and cures—John F. Boyer, Trinity Springs, Ind., Feb. 15, 1900.

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PINKHAM'S FAIRBANKS LIVES produce the fastest and brightest colors of any known dye stuff. Sold by all druggists.

Some men are so stingy they refuse to smile except at the expense of others.—Chicago Daily News.

Write Dr. C. J. Moffett, St. Louis, Mo., for his valuable little treatise Wash Last Book, free.

The hen is a liberal fowl; she gives a peck when she takes a grain.—Chicago Daily News.

Hall's Catarrh Cure Is a Constitutional Cure. Price, 75c. Give a few plenty of milk and it will make a hog of itself.—Chicago Daily News.

OVARIAN TROUBLES.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Cures Them. Two Letters from Women.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM: I write to tell you of the good Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done me. I was sick in bed about five weeks. The right side of my abdomen pained me and was so swollen and sore that I could not walk. The doctor told my husband I would have to undergo an operation. This I refused to do until I had given your medicine a trial. Before I had taken one bottle the swelling began to disappear. I continued to use your medicine until the swelling was entirely gone. When the doctor came he was very much surprised to see me so much better."—MRS. MARY SMITH, Arlington, Iowa.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I was sick for two years with falling of the womb, and inflammation of the ovaries and bladder. I was bloated very badly. My left limb would swell so I could not step on my foot. I had such bearing down pains I could not straighten up or walk across the room and such shooting pains would go through me that I thought I could not stand it. My mother got me a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and told me to try it. I took six bottles and now, thanks to your wonderful medicine, I am a well woman."—MRS. ELLEN HUNN, Otisville, Mich.



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